

Mary Elizabeth Lease Eager To Run for U. S. Senator Here

Kansas Stormy Petrel of Politics a
Resident of Brooklyn and Would
Succeed "Young Jim" Wadsworth

By F. L. SHELLABARGER.

MARY ELIZABETH LEASE, the same Mary Lease who back in the days of the Farmers Alliance and Populism advised the farmers of Kansas to "raise less corn and more hell," is a receptive candidate for a seat in the United States Senate from New York. Her crop nowadays is limited to tomatoes, but she declines to commit herself on her possible activities once the campaign has opened.

Mrs. Lease said she understood that she has consulted no women with respect to her candidacy and doesn't intend to do so. She intimates, indeed, that the endorsement of a feminine body, as such, would not be warmly welcomed. She proposes to run for Senator not as a woman but as a citizen and voter.

In the late '90s Mary Elizabeth Lease, blaming the way through the Western wilderness, asked to quarter because of the fact that nature had made her a woman, nor did she give any. The Anthony's, the Stanton's and the Willard's had sought to annex women's organizations to politics, but Mrs. Lease played a man's game with men and as a man, striking a man's blows and winning a man's fight.

Nobody came to understand this better than Lorenzo D. Lewelling, the first of all Populist Governors, who, after appointing her the first and only woman president of a State board of charities, sought to remove her. She stuck to her job and in doing it proved herself the better man of the two, though Lewelling refused to admit defeat until the State Supreme Court gave him the count.

"It's this way, brother," she said the other day. Mrs. Lease continued to speak the language of the Methodist

masters. The people are coming into possession of their own."

Mrs. Lease said that she spoke, knitting socks for soldiers who are fighting in this holiest of all wars, the war which, she confidently believes, is to bring lasting peace and eternal justice to the people. Having heard her in the old days out West when she was flaying the culprits who defended the crime of '73 and smiting the Great Red Dragon of Wall Street, the reporter was unprepared to find her engaged in this essentially feminine occupation. The calm, peaceful atmosphere of her Brooklyn home seemed out of keeping—at the beginning of the interview.

Stitch by stitch she passed in review those days on which she now looks back with fear and reverence and compared conditions then with those now prevailing. If there was just the suggestion of an "I told you so" attitude as she talked no one could have disputed the justice of her claim.

"The triumph of history is the ultimate supremacy of good, the final vindication of right," she said. "In these later days I have seen with gratification that my work was not in vain. Note the list of reforms for which we pioneer Populists fought and for which we were maligned, ridiculed, ostracized. Direct election of Senators, postal savings banks, Government control of railroads, Federal supervision of corporations, the initiative and referendum, the income tax, woman suffrage—yes, and prohibition, thank God!"

She checked them off plank after plank. Only free silver of the demands of the original platform was omitted.

"Brother, the times are propitious."

intend her to be a family appendage merely. Women began to realize that they didn't have to sit at home all the time, baking and spinning and sewing. The consequence was that they started to develop their individualities, to make stronger personalities of themselves.

"Of course when women began to use their heads as well as their hands the standstills predicted a reaction, but they were wrong, as they always are. Your standstill is forever forgetting that the chicken never reentered its shell once it is hatched; that the butterfly never crawls back into the chrysalis."

"They used to tell us that we should stay at home and darn the children's stockings. Well, my children never ran around with holes in their knees yet I managed to find time to take my place in my little world. I have raised a family of which I am proud. My children are all grown, all are graduates of good schools, and here I am now working on stockings for others."

"Woman has come to the polls on an ox cart when she should have traveled on a sixty mile an hour train. And all because some of our leaders were recreant to the trust imposed in them. They exploited their weaker, their more confiding sisters for their own personal gain. It followed naturally, then, that protestation, denunciation, indignation, agitation all were vain. Our enfranchisement is now at hand, not because of the captains we followed, but because of the eternal righteousness of our cause. Victory is in reach in spite of the professional suffragists."

"The United States is being socialized, but no thanks to the Socialist party. While the social revolution is being carried on before their very eyes, the professional Socialists are uncomprehending. While mighty forces are plunging humanity forward toward an industrial democracy and universal peace, the authorized party leaders with a stupidity that is incomprehensible to balanced minds either remain passive or actually strive to obstruct and impede."

Hasn't Changed in Years.

Mrs. Lease hasn't changed a great deal since the time she was a few years ago. She was then a young girl, a daughter of a farmer, a girl who, through the influence of her father, had become a part of the very breath of the Kansas prairie, even if she had become an unrepentant New Yorker."

At 44 Mrs. Lease is one of the staff of public school teachers in Brooklyn, a woman who expects to continue her work until 1922, when Senator Wadsworth's term expires. She lectures on "Tennyson, the Prophet Poet," and "Browning, the Psychological," but considers "Why America Entered the War" her best discourse.

Possible political opponents might do well to take notice that her name is not and never was Mary Ellen, whom for it is a considerable stretch, just as it was in '88 and '90, to call her "Molly Yellin." But her oratory, it is to be assumed from her conversation, is just as it was when a Western writer described it: "A melody of hot words and cold chills, Italian sephers and brickbats, a scarp from the Seraphim on the Mount flustering on the brink of Hades and blown back by a breath as soft as ever cooled an infant's fevered brow."

She is only fifty cents in New York to put an extra name in the telephone directory, hence this story. There's a fashionable doctor named Smith (let us say, because it isn't) and his first name is Leo. His address is — Park avenue and his phone number is Plaza Up-to-ump-three-four.

You get the word from a friend that "Smith is a good doctor," and a specialist in fashionable "tite of the day." You know he lives in Park avenue and you want him. You look up Smith—there is the number. You suspect a mistake and look up Smyth—and there he is, with the same number. You think it odd two men of the same name have the same address and you

The Latest Portrait of Marshal Joffre



Hanging in the rooms of the Rocky Mountain Club is the famous portrait of Marshal Joffre, by Lotave. This work is one of the club's proudest possessions. The Rocky Mountain Club is best remembered by the public as the organization which raised a six figure building found to have a home of its own and then turned the money over for starving Belgian women and children. The Joffre portrait, however, eventually will have a prominent place in a clubhouse to be built after the war.

Odd Stories From Here and There

OLD HIPPOCRATES when he devised his oath for physicians did not dream of modern advertising. But according to the ethics of the profession, as now construed, he effectively put a ban on all self-justification. So many of the printed word, for generations the quick has been detected by his own publicity, but it has now come to light that even the ancients may be circumvented—ethically.

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look up Smyth, and there is the same number again. Once more, to be sure, you turn to Schmidt, and find the same number again, and then you do not look at Schmidt and Schmidt and Schmidt to verify your calculations, but you call the ever present advertisement that cost the earnest follower of Hippocrates less than \$3.

RAYMOND F. PARKER, Director of the Mint, has recommended that the cents, nickels and dimes hoarded in children's toy banks be invested in thrift and war savings stamps. There is a dual purpose in the suggestion. The money invested and drawing interest is of far more value to the child than in a bank at home and the investment of the money increases small coins for circulation.

"Millions and millions of dollars in those minor coins are now idle in toy banks, coin savers and other small receptacles, used, usually by children, for accumulating savings. The saving of small coins is a thrifty habit, by no means reprehensible, but a truer method of accomplishing thrift and at the same time aiding the United

States Government has been provided through the issuance of war savings certificates and war savings stamps.

"The passage of the war revenue act has brought a tremendously increased demand for small coins, especially pennies. The United States mints are working twenty-four hours a day and Sundays in an effort to supply the demand. Enough small coins should be shaken out of the toy banks of the country to relieve the present stringency of this form of money."

If there is one place more desirable than another in which to sow the seeds of thrift, it is in the minds of the children. Every \$412 of these savings can be set to work earning 4 per cent. interest compounded quarterly by the purchase of war savings stamps.

AN official bulletin received recently by the Philadelphia Bureau from the Paris Chamber of Commerce shows that 8,000,000 more tons of coal were mined in France in 1917 than in 1916, a surplus that promises a speeding up of output for 1918. Most of the increased production was in southern France within a short haul of Italy. At the same time the Pas-de-Calais fields, a part of which are in German hands and the remainder within range of enemy guns, showed a noteworthy gain.

Commenting upon the year's gain in coal mining, the bulletin says that in spite of the difficulties caused by the occupation of German troops of several important centres the monthly output rose in a year from 1,771,769 tons to 2,410,039 tons, or 36 per cent. It adds:

"Each of the coal fields has taken its part in the common effort. The Pas-de-Calais mines have increased their output by 500,000 tons a month since May 1, 1917. The Loire coal fields yielded about 400,000 tons more than the previous year. In the Gard fields the increase exceeds 33 per cent."

ESPIE the fact that there are more restaurants downtown than in any other section in New York, it is not uncommon to see persons standing in restaurants in the noon rush hour waiting for seats. But there is one way to avoid the rush and it is being used to advantage by many. Practically every clerk, stenographer, secretary, telephone operator and messenger has his or her luncheon at the restaurant.

In a restaurant in the financial district this little group meets every forenoon, except Sundays and holidays. An observer who saw about twenty persons there thought it unusual and ventured to find out.

"You see," said one of them between bites, "it is this way. The population of the financial district has increased considerably in the last few years. Proportionately, the increase in the number of restaurants has not kept pace with the increase of workers and congestion has resulted. Just imagine a hungry mob of thousands invading the insufficient number of restaurants at one time. Do you see all these people here now? Well, they belong to this early lunch club. They put their heads together and decided to avoid the rush."

Joe Bassett Hears About His Brother

Old Man Greenlaw's Story of Greenville Enlivens Otherwise Dull Day in the Poker Saloon

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

WAS yo' all 'quainted with my brother Pete Bassett what runned away from him, some 'res over into Mississippi, af' I growed up?" asked Joe Bassett one day.

The silence in old man Greenlaw's saloon in Arkansas City, which Mr. Bassett suddenly shattered by asking this question, had been so long continued that he had evidently found it monotonous. Not merely throughout the day mentioned but for several days and nights previous to that he had sat in the saloon with the old man and three others of his associates waiting for something to happen, but no.

No doings of any description had disturbed the placid succession of the hours. Not even conversation had been attempted by any one. At intervals, but not frequently, they had partaken of the old man's whiskey, but it was in a purely perfunctory way, no one seeming to have ambition enough to stir up conviviality, and for the rest they had consumed their tobacco, each after his preferred fashion, with hardly a look, much less word, at any of the others. And Mr. Bassett had begun to crave excitement.

There were times when it was easy to get excited in Arkansas City, but this was not such a time. No strangers were in town, and Mr. Bassett was reduced to the necessity of trying to start something with such material as he had at hand.

Obviously the most promising expedient was to get the old man to talk. Usually this was the last thing Mr. Bassett or any of the others desired. But this time it was too particular. Talk would at least break the monotony, and it was fatally easy to get the old man to talk.

Moreover, when he talked it was usually easy to provoke at least verbal strife. Accordingly Mr. Bassett had addressed his question directly to the old man, ignoring the presence of Mr. Winterbottom, Mr. Blaisdell and Mr. Pearsall.

As for those three gentlemen it is not too much to say that they were painfully surprised by Mr. Bassett's act. They knew that he knew that nothing could stop the old man from telling some sort of story on such provocation as Mr. Bassett had given, and they shuddered at the prospect.

Far better in their estimation would it have been to endure the monotony indefinitely than to set the old man's mouth going. Mr. Bassett had spilled the beans, however, and they realized the futility of protest. They looked at him indignantly and reproachfully and then resigned themselves to the worst.

The old man, however, brightened up immediately. "That's the way," he said. "I was a man called himself Pete Bassett," he said, "but I never knewed nothin' 'bout his family 'relations. Maybe he was him."

"Mo' 'n likely," said Mr. Bassett, nodding encouragingly. "Well, yo' co'se, I dunno whether 'twas or not," said the old man, "but 'twas 'twas the name is the same I reckon 'twas. Anyways he done come to Greenville long about the time I bought out the tavern there an' set up in business for my ownself."

"Yo' might 'a' knowed it," exclaimed Mr. Pearsall with a look of concentrated fury at Mr. Bassett, and forthwith he went away from there. Mr. Pearsall was intolerant to a degree of any mention of Greenville. He had married a lady from there.

"This yer Pete Bassett," continued the old man, taking up the story, "Pearsall's rudeness, 'who' was a most 'markable man in mo' ways 'n I. First off he didn't never have nothin' to say 'bout nobody 'blongin' to him, nor not 'bout his past life nor nothin'."

"Mo' 'n likely he wouldn't," said Bassett darkly. "So that's it, hey?" said the old man. "Well, I always reckoned what it was somepin' 'dgraceful 'bout it, but yo' co'se 'twan't none o' my business. Done rode in town a horseback, an' I always had my own idee 'bout that hoss, but 'twan't my hoss an' I never knowed. He was a plater f'm some'nigh the river done come to the tavern a few days later what was 'cridable het up 'long o' havin' his saddle hoss stole offen him, but this Bassett person wan't nowhere round at the time, an' the Bassett he couldn't give no information, so the plater, I disremember his name but he was a 'fient looking man, he done tooked a few drinks an' went away."

"Just natchally I didn't say nothin'." He wan't no regular customer an' the Deacon was. An' Bassett had done some signs o' bein' some free with his money when he had it.

"Come to think on it they was p'int o' resemblance betwixt him an' yo'." "Pearsall like it's some curious what I never think on it af' he but he must 'a' been yo' brother."

"Yo' wan't no rich fightin' man as yo' all, but he was willin' enough. An' he played a to'fable good game o' poker too, but o' co'se they wan't no rich 'dvantages 'bout bein' learned the fine p'int as they is in Arkansas City, an' just natchally he wan't what might be called a expert. They was enough poker played in Greenville them days, but 'twas mo' o' a family game, like."

"Anyways Pete Bassett, he done settled down into Greenville soon as he done 'dpos'd of his hoss, an' havin' the probed he done made hisself to hum 'round the tavern. Just natchally I didn't had no 'jections, him bein' a

to'fable good drinker an' free with his money, like I said, an' 'twan't long af' he done got a chanst fo' to set in at the game in the back room."

"'T adons to'fable well at it too, fo' a spell 't adons that was the trouble with him. Them that does to'fable well at poker is like them that does to'fable well at 'most anythin' else. They don't never 'mount to a helluva lot."

"Tears like hell must be plumb full o' them what's did to'fable well. They's a heap o' others what does to'fable well too, so they don't none o' 'em never gitt ahead none to speak of. That was what Pete Bassett done. Is yo' all sho' he was yo' brother?"

"I never knowed nobody else name o' Pete Bassett, nor they ain't no other family o' Bassetts in this section, 'a far 's I know," replied Mr. Joe Bassett gravely.

"I always 'picioned of it," said the old man, "but o' co'se I didn't had no means o' knowin' positive, him not sayin' nothin', an' yo' all not never sayin' no 'quies af'." "Just natchally I didn't had no means o' wantin' to be the one to harry yo' all up with the ghastly details, 'bout 'thouten yo' was to set fo' 'em. But o' co'se now yo' done ast—" and he paused with a questioning look as if he hesitated about lacerating Mr. Bassett's feelings.

"Do yo' dam'dest," said Mr. Bassett encouragingly. "I always knowed I'd know the wust eventual. Mought as well be now as any time."

"Well, 'tain't no fault o' mine, him comin' to the kynd of a seed he did," said the old man, "an' he wan't no have no liquor, nor 'thouten he had the price, mo' special when I seen he was drinkin' hisself to death, what he would 'a' did undoubted if it hadn't 'a' been fo' him hurryin' things up with indiscretions like."

"Pete Bassett was hasty," said Mr. Bassett as one who acknowledges a regrettable fact.

"That's just it," said the old man. "He was hasty. 'Pearsall like he wan't never 'cinted fo' to let things take a natchal co'se. If he was settin' into a game an' he wan't to let a hand what he didn't had no show o' winnin' the pot legitimate, mo' 'n likely he'd undertake to bluff 'thouten havin' the right idee o' when a bluff was liable fo' to go through successful. Played hell with his game."

"But that wan't the wust of it. 'Pearsall like he done had the right idee o' one thing into the game, he mought 'a' did amazin' well if it hadn't 'a' been fo' his onfort'nit habit o' bein' in too much of a hurry. They was the elements of a player into him, but he didn't had no patience. Other ways that one man, he wan't to be 'a' bein' liable fo' to make him ch' an' respectable af' he died, but no."

"He done got that idee f'm me. I says to him one day, 'Pete,' I says, 'yo' all plays a to'fable good game, on'y yo' bluffs too frequent, but they ain't nothin' in the game, yo' tell me, no to'fable good game. Thinkin' to do, I says, 'is to study the deal mo'. The man what c'n deal 'em the way he wants 'em is the one 'll win'."

"Well, he studies on this a spell an' 'pears like he sees a gret white light ahead. He was right in tellin' what some things, but lawless like an' hasty, like I done said. But when he seen the idee he 'peared to cotton to it im-melt, an' he says he's gwine to try it. An' he buys a new deck to practice with an' goes off home to learn hisself how to deal."

"Well, o' co'se he'd ought fo' to knowed what that wan't a thing c'd be did in a week, or a month. A man is got to work at it steady fo' a helluva while af' he c'n 'spect to get away with it, not if them he's playin' with ain't stone blind."

"But what does this here Pete Bassett do? 'Stand o' p'arin' hisself first off, like he'd ought, he goes off half cocked. 'Twan't mo' 'n three days later af' he come back to the tavern an' sets in at the game same 's usual, but a cock-a-whoop air onto him like he'd won. He was right in tellin' what some things, but lawless like an' hasty, like I done said. But when he seen the idee he 'peared to cotton to it im-melt, an' he says he's gwine to try it. An' he buys a new deck to practice with an' goes off home to learn hisself how to deal."

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MARY ELIZABETH LEASE

class meeting, though her name is on the rolls of the church—the fervent right hand of fellowship language that carried conviction when she was organizing the horny handed sons of toil.

"It's this way, brother. Some of the finest men in this State pledged me their support if I would only say to the world I am not at liberty to reveal their names now and anyway the term of Senator—Wadsworth's name, isn't it?—doesn't expire for three years. I told them I was not anxious to hold office, but that I would cheerfully respond to any call to service which might come. I want to be where I can do the most good."

Patriotism, Not Patronage, Slogan.

"I shall be the candidate of no party. I am independent in politics as in religion. I must be free to attack evil in whatever form it may appear. Besides, in these days of turbulent party affiliations are being forgotten and obedience to party leaders is refused. Men, ay, and women too, are thinking for themselves."

"The Republican party belongs to ancient history. Unless the Democratic party offers something higher than mere party success as an issue it too will vanish. Patriotism, not patronage; principle, not pelf, is the watchword of the hour. We are at the period of reformation and readjustment. The world is attaining to higher ideals. The God in us is in the ascendant."

On a hot August night in 1894 Mrs. Lease, then the Kansas Joan of Arc, the high priestess of Populism, the free silver Minerva, stood before a swarting, frenzied audience in Cooper Union and uttered this prophecy:

"The discovery and use of gunpowder brought royalty and labor to a common level, and the aristocracy of royalty is dying out. There are those here to-night who will see the last crowned head fall. But in the place of the aristocracy of royalty we find the aristocracy of gold, more greedy and more destructive to the country. It too shall be destroyed."

The seeds we sowed out in Kansas did not fall on barren ground. They have been a long time in bearing fruit, yet, but nature never does things in a hurry. It is a long journey from an anglerworm to a Shakespeare. Radical changes come slowly.

"If the world had been true to the Sermon on the Mount there would have been no war. But it was too busy disputing about the size of John the Baptist's sandals, too engrossed in debating whether Paul sang bass or tenor, to give thought to the teachings of Jesus. Only now is it beginning to realize that there is some meaning in the Lord's Prayer."

"The war had to come because we were without the spiritual strength to resist the powers of darkness. We had no means of defence except the sword. It is a religious war, not these religiously but absolutely religious war. We are at Armageddon, brother, and we have not reached the worst of it yet—no, not nearly."

"The forces of good and evil are in the death struggle. It is a battle of ideas primarily. The scriptural prophecies are being fulfilled. The riders of the red, black and pale horses, war, famine and death—John prophesies their coming in Revelation, you know—are here and the rider of the white horse is on the way. The overruling purposes of a divine power in human life will be demonstrated. Righteousness shall prevail."

Of course a few words of counsel to repeat to New York women, now that they are about to go to the ballot box with their husbands and brothers, was sought.

"Tell them," said Mrs. Lease, "to study, to consult their brains and their consciences, to forget they are women, to ignore sex, to vote as good citizens. They must understand that suffrage brings a heavy responsibility as well as a privilege. The voting population is about to be doubled. That means twice as many of the ignorant to educate. It is a situation that cannot be treated lightly."

"Women are what they are to-day because industrial conditions changed them. The suffrage movement dates from the invention of the cotton gin. In the first half of cotton were the seeds which were to lead to women's enfranchisement. When first she began to earn money she came a glimmer of independence. Then the Cotton Gin's

U. S. SOLDIERS AS LUMBERMEN

EFFORTS of the United States to rush the production of airplanes have taken an unusual turn in getting the raw material, due to the I. W. W. labor troubles in the Northwest. The army has organized a squadron of the Aviation Corps into a lumber crew, is building a great mill covering two acres at Vancouver Barracks, Washington State, and will comb the forest reserves for suitable spruce to be cut up for airplane struts.

The work of building the cut up mill was told of entertainingly in the last number of the Vancouver Post-Examiner, by Ralph Marion of Brooklyn, a Cornell Agricultural School graduate, now acting sergeant in the 401st Squadron, Aviation Corps. Sergt. Marion writes:

"The activities of the 401st Squadron are so closely linked with the building of the Government cut up plant that to write of the 401st is necessary to write of the cut up plant. On the site of the former polo field, south of the parade grounds and just north of the river, there are being built a large mill, drying kilns and other buildings which are known as the cut

up plant. The purpose for which they are being built is to handle the spruce being cut for airplane construction and reduce it to suitable sizes.

"The work is being done by the spruce production division of the aviation section of the Signal Corps, which is in itself an innovation. The work is being officered by Col. Disque and staff, with headquarters in Portland, Oregon, directly by H. S. Mitchell of Vancouver and his two sons, civilians. Except for a limited number of civilian millwrights, the bulk of the labor employed is drawn from the ranks of the soldiers of the spruce production division.

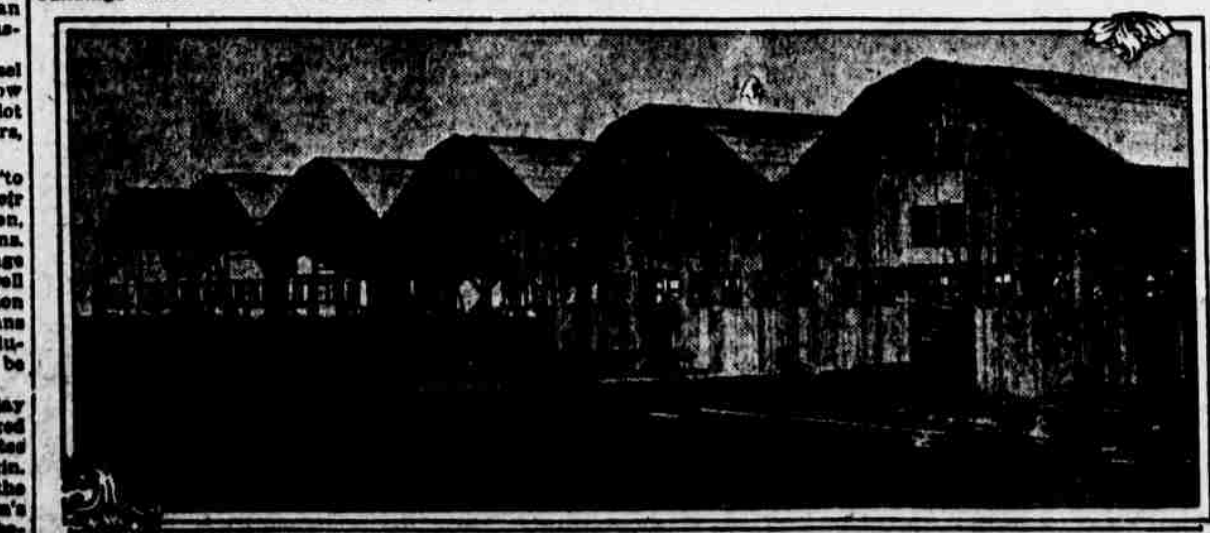
"The size of the undertaking may be realized from the fact that the mill proper covers over two acres, and that over one and a half million feet of lumber is being used in its construction. The report is that the mill is to have a capacity of 10,000,000 feet of lumber a month, working three shifts.

"Ground was broken for the foundation December 15, and already the machinery is in process of installation and the roof nearly completed. This

headway has been made despite many difficulties, of which the bad weather was the principal one.

"Of its work at the cut up plant, or rather the mill, as it is known among the men, the 401st feels justly proud. From the start the men of the 401st have been working at its building. From mixing concrete for the foundation to raising rafters for the roof, they have been in the majority among those giving a hand by expending the chances of receiving army pay for civilian work, despite Sunday work and despite the mud and the rain, the men of the 401st have worked steadily for the common cause—to make the work a success, to insure the getting of spruce with which to build airplanes to put out the Kaiser's eyes."

"Men of all ranks, from the east and from the west of this vast country, of all nationalities (but at least all loyal Americans) have come here—volunteered for this service to do our best. We would be measured by no other standard than by the work we have done at the cut up plant, and shall always strive to hold that standard and to improve on it."



Part of the Government's big mill at Vancouver barracks.